

TRAMP IN CORNWALL.

Wakeman's Litterings in the Ancient Seaport Town of St. Ives.

GLIMPSES OF GLORIOUS SCENERY.

A Place Famous in the Nursery Rhymes and Pretty to See.

THE FOLK ALL CLEANLY AND THRIFTY

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

ST. IVES, CORNWALL, JUNE 18.—In the tender realm of nursery rhyme lore there is no pleasanter mysticism than that which elings to the pretty riddle:

As I was going to St. Ives I met a man with seven wives. Each wife had seven sacks; Each sack had seven cats; Each cat had seven kits; Kits, cats, sacks and wives— How many were there going to St. Ives? So deep and lasting are the impressions of childhood that as I tramped around the southern reach of St. Ives' bay from the pretty hamlet of St. Earth, I found myself unconsciously scanning the highway far ahead for this same wicked old fellow who has puzzled the head of millions of little folk. But he was not to be seen any more than the "kitts, cats, sacks and wives" are to be taken in to account in the olden riddle.

In truth, no man, woman or child was visible upon the white and circling highway. St. Earth nestled there silent and apparently deserted against the coope and the hillsides. The tide was out in the bay. A few fishermen's boats rocked idly beside mossy old piers. Long reaches of sand showed here and there shining and brown, like the backs of huge marine monsters. Gulls wheeled lazily above. Land and sea togl chattered in the circling marsh edges, or dug in the sand and ooze. Only to the north, through the rift between the headlands, there was single sign of life. On the sapphire blue of the Irish sea there were two far, white sails.

One of England's Oldest Towns.

But I knew the ancient city lay behind the huge headland, and quickening my pace I soon stood at its sea-face and its highest acclivity. Here the highway tumbles into one of the oldest old towns in all Europe. No wonder that Londoners are coming this, to them, tremendous journey of 280 miles for summer loitering, and the grand promenades behind the coope and are filling up with brilliant terraces; or that artists swarm to the remote place for its bits of antique in architecture, its quaint groupings of fisher folk, and its outreachings of wild and glorious Cornish coast.

There are pictures and pictures of the Bay of Naples. But were I an artist, I would stake my hope of renown on the picture I saw as I stood above the bay and ancient town of St. Ives. The bay itself faces the north. At your feet are purple heather and waving ferns parted from the crystalline water by glistening sands. To the right and east, the green hillslopes of the Eastern Shore. Then the broad yellow beach of Port-Becking, or the Foresand. Dominating this is the great headland of Pednolva. Beyond, gleaming like a field of gold, are the magnificent sands of Port-minster; and further still, the headland and rocky islet of Golevery, with the latter's white lighthouse setting cameo-like between the purple of the sea walls and the tremulous blue of the ocean.

Beautiful Glimpses of the Ocean.

Before you, the slight shimmering bay, with a few white-winged craft scarcely moving, it seems, the distance is so great

the harbor-edge, its east window sprayed with foam of the wild northern tempests which often lash the harbor furiously, was built in the 18 years between 1410 and 1428, on the site of an older structure, founded by St. Ivo, a Peruvian bishop, who came over from Ireland to the Cornish Britons. Some stone carvings and a most beautiful and curious font of the old St. Ivo chapel are still preserved. Perhaps the quaintest carvings in England are to be found in the present church. They were the work of the then village blacksmith, "a handy and devout man," who carved the oak of the benches and choir stalls, not omitting to carve the forge, the bellows, hammer and nails, and pincers of his own sturdy craft. He threw in a fair supply of Tudor roses, monks and angels, but, as Saints Andrew and Peter are appropriate patrons of the church where countless thousands of fisher folk have worshipped, the good smith also put them into every conceivable beneficent attitude, and, as if to intensify their protection of the town, St. Ives and its people, also wore fishes, sails and arabesques into most generous and profuse relationship.

If these wood carvings are curious studies some of those in stone are equally outlandish. There are stone grotesques which equals in strange and meaningless hideousness can hardly be found elsewhere in Europe. Seven represent mocking, leering faces of men and beasts. Two are distended with their mouths with their fingers and protruding their tongues. One is a most horrible figure of an ape, and another wears a fool's cap of the period.

A Highly Elevated Churchyard. The stranger will be impressed with the extraordinary elevation of the soil of the tiny churchyard. When the place was first quite filled with the dead, the burial place was covered over with several feet of sand and interred in a length where half a dozen shops are continuously located. Even in these you must needs often ascend or descend a story or more. The most are literally hidden or perched on the roof and out-of-the-way spots, where, if not stumbled upon, one must repeatedly come with a guide or find rediscovery hopeless. Here will be one perched in a half-timbered Elizabethan projection, away up there three or four stories from the street, and you cannot find an entrance. And there one will be seen as many stories beneath a tiny explained way, but apparently you cannot reach it without rope and tackle. Others, where kitchens should be. And still others unexpectedly confront you from dormer windows.

Everything Turned Around. Everything in this sort seems bewilderingly reversed from its proper order. But nothing ever seems to be bought or sold in old St. Ives; the artists gloat over the curious jumble; and it is all most winsome and charming to the stranger.

If you come at last through this labyrinth to the waterside, you will gaze back along the dormers penthouses and roofs of the strange old city, and up and on to its terraced heights with increased enthusiasm for its rare quaintness and curious aspects. Tiny towers show here and there as if outjutting from natural rock. Bits of luxuriant foliage and masses of fern seem to spring from the roofs like rich clumps of emerald moss. Spires and wondrously high peaked roofs stand out against the gray and green background like spearheads of polished steel. Above all, the handsome terraces and the grand old heights, where once the beacon-fires were lighted.

Gray and old as is this Cornish fisher town, but two bits of extreme antiquity remain. Just in the rear of the White Hart Inn by the wharfside is a huge pile of greenish slate rock. Built upon this rock, which forms its basement, is a tiny ancient stone structure known as Carn Glaz House. It was the stronghold of a smuggling, free-booting family in Queen Anne's time, and the myriad weird fisher and sea-faring legends of St. Ives have nearly all their origin in, or bear some reference to, this greenish old structure.

The parish church, built straight above

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The parish church, built straight above

WHERE OIL IS CHEAP.

Another War in Colorado Between the Standard and Its Rivals.

PETROLEUM ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

Charges That Production Has Been Regularly Restricted.

LEADING FEATURES OF THE CONFLICT

DENVER, July 4.—The Standard Oil Company and the Rocky Mountain Oil Company have put in about four pleasant months trying to pulverize one another, and the price of oil holds so low that the poorest man has every opportunity to blow himself into the empyrean ether. Big advertisements announce that "pure water white" may be had from such and such a grocery at 5 cents a gallon, while other cards declare with equal positiveness that another grocery has the purest of oil at 4 cents a gallon. As a matter of fact, retailers who buy any quantity pay practically nothing for their oil.

The Standard Oil Company does not operate in Colorado under its own name, but the Continental Oil Company of Denver is practically a branch. The concern, which handles only the distribution, in turn has a cast-iron agreement with the United Oil Company, which controls the production. The Standard Oil Company has kindly consented to place the Colorado production at 600,000 barrels, and the United prorate the little fellows under its thumb and its own wells so the total is that amount.

Holdings Down the Resources. For many years independent producers have tried to obtain a foothold, but in every instance until the Rocky Mountain Company took the field they were compelled either to accept the trust price, sell out at a loss, or close down in silent anger and stay closed. On the Western slope of the great range are extensive fields, most of which are under control of the Standard Company, from none of which a barrel has ever been shipped. The systematic holding down of resources believed to be great causes the great trust to be heartily execrated by the people in the neighborhood of the undeveloped fields, but this trifle has never interfered with the digestion of the

Wake Up. Yes, wake up to the danger which threatens you if your kidneys and bladder are inactive or weak. Don't you know that if you fail to impel them to action, Bright's disease or diabetes awaits you? Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters without delay. It has a most beneficial effect upon the kidneys when sluggish, and upon the bowels, liver, stomach and nervous system.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED BY J. HARPER BONNELL CO., NEW YORK.

Denver men lucky enough to be in the combine. The Rocky Mountain Company has heavy backing and has gone into the business as though it meant either to stay or to compel the United to buy it out at a figure large enough to cause the magnates to feel unhappy. The first operation after getting control of wells in the Florence oil field was to commence building a refinery at Pueblo and a pipe line 50 miles long to connect it with the wells. The company claims that its processes are such that it makes enough from products other than oil obtained from the crude petroleum to enable it to give its oil away and make a small profit. The equipment of the United Company is old style and saves nothing from the petroleum but the various kinds of lubricating and illuminating oils. Thus the new concern has it on the hip unless it changes its refinery, which it gives no indication of doing. The officers decline to say anything about their intentions or whether the Standard company proper is contributing to the expense of the sport.

A Lack of Inspection. There is no State supervision over oil and no municipal inspection in Denver. In consequence, oil which would not be permitted to be sold elsewhere is sold without hindrance. The danger lies mostly in the suburbs, because nearly every one in the city uses either gas or electricity. Some time ago a lamp exploded and burned a woman to death at Valverde, just south of town. A local paper procured oil from the grocery at which she bought her supplies, had it tested, and found it flashed at 80° and called into the Standard. The Vice President of the Continental came to the office and threatened a libel suit unless retraction was made. The paper refused to retract and had tests made of oil bought in all the suburbs. They ran from 80° upward. The Continental has kept quiet since.

All of this, of course, was a big card for the Rocky Mountain Company, which claimed that all the low-grade oil was sold by its enemy, and that it was truly virtuous. The home industry cry is worked for all it is worth, and tank wagons bearing patriotic mottoes scour the outskirts to work up trade. Neither side gives any sign of weakening, and there is a pleasing prospect of cheap oil continuing for a considerable period.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. & B.

Tuesday Morning, 5th July,

We shall offer the most extraordinary value in fine, desirable

BLACK SILK GRENADINES,

With Black Polka Spots and Figures, fancy weaves or meshes—goods that were originally imported to retail at \$2.50 and \$3 a yard—48 INCHES WIDE,

\$1 a Yard.

Six yards of these wide Grenadines make the fashionable Gown.

Lace Department

Has an offer that neither women, who buy at retail, nor merchants, who buy at wholesale, have ever seen the equal of sold, we believe, at any time or place in America. This remarkable offer consists of 43 pieces

Black Polka Spot Silk Lace FLOUNCINGS,

With Chantilly Edge, 9 INCHES WIDE,

12 1-2c. 13 INCHES WIDE, 15c a Yard.

The DRESS GOODS SHELVES are being emptied—this means much at these stores, and just what it says—do you want any fine goods from the half-price lots, and some less? THEN COME NOW.

BOGGS & BUHL,

ALLEGHENY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Laird's Shoes are the best and the most popular in Pittsburgh.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS

HOW THEY LIKE

LAIRD'S SHOES.

IF THEY'RE COMFORTABLE! IF THEY'RE FASHIONABLE! IF THEY'RE RELIABLE!

AND ABOUT THE PRICE.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK.

2,000 pairs Ladies' fine Dongola Kid Oxford Ties at 75c, 98c, \$1.18 and \$1.24.

2,400 pairs Ladies' fine Dongola Kid Button Boots at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.

1,500 pairs Ladies' finest Dongola Button Boots at \$2.50, \$2.90, \$3.

SPECIAL FOR MEN:

1,200 pairs Gents' fine Calf Seamless Bals and Congress at \$1.98, \$2.18, \$2.50 and \$2.90.

1,050 pairs Gents' finest Calf, Kangaroo and fine Patent Leather Bals and Congress at \$2.90 and \$3.90.

W.M. LAIRD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

433 and 435 WOOD STREET. 408, 408, 410 MARKET STREET.

CLEARANCE SALE

\*\*\* BEFORE \*\*\*

STOCK-TAKING!

THIS SALE WILL LAST FROM TUESDAY, JULY 5, TILL SATURDAY JULY 9, AT 10 P. M.

WINDOW SCREENS, SCREEN DOORS, HOUSEFURNISHING, REFRIGERATORS, ICE CHESTS!

AT REDUCED PRICES!

Table listing various household items and their prices, including Jelly Moulds, Water Coolers, Gas Stoves, Kitchen Spoons, Rolling Pins, Patent Ironing Boards, Handles for Mrs. Potts' Irons, Wire Sponge Racks, Insect Guns, Moth Marbles, Solid Nickel Tea Spoons, Bread Boxes, Refrigerator Dripping Pans, Fly Fans, Wash Benches, Wooden Lemon Squeezers, Turkey Feather Dusters, Mrs. Potts' Sadirons, Garden Weeders, Hammock Hooks, Chloride of Lime, Knives and Forks, Water Dippers, Nickel Cuspidors, Gas Stoves, Hose Reels, Frames for Window Screens, Preserving Kettles, Qts. 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 19c, 22c, 28c, 36c, 44c, 52c, 58c, 66c, 74c, Fryng Pans, Soap Dishes and Tooth Brush, Lemon Squeezer, Brooks' Crystal Soap, Shopping Bags, Hunter Sifters, Garden Sprinkling Cans, Japanese Veranda Seats, Garden Hose, Imported Match Safes, Cherry Seeders, Garden Sets, Ice Picks, Potato Masher, Machine Oil, Medicine Cabinets, Dust Pans, Fly Traps, Self-Wringing Mops, Dish Mops, Oval Clothes Baskets, Can Openers, Sink Cleaners, Bird Gravel, Ammonia, Celebrated Christy Bread Knives, Wire Dish Drainers, Lawn Mowers, Mop Stick Holders, Whisk brooms, Stove Brushes, Cloth Hampers, Telescope Traveling Cups, Napkin Rings, Bird Food, Ironing Wax, Butter Plates, Foot Bath Tubs, Lawn Mowers, Pillow Sham Holders, Chair Seats, Wall Splash Mats, Skirt Forms, Garden Trowels, Le Page's Glue, Borax, Solid Nickel Table Spoons, Wash Tubs.

GLASSWARE. CHINA! BRIC-A-BRAC.

Table listing glassware and china items and their prices, including Plain White Meat Dishes, Plain White Slop Jars, Crystal Glass Pickle Trays, Rose Bowls, Mason's Jars, Jelly Tumblers, Crystal Glass Water Bottles, Ice Cream Nappies, Majolica Cuspidors, Carlsbad China Tea Set, Decorated Bone Dishes, Tumblers, Carlsbad China Cake Plates, Crystal Glass Berry Dishes.

WINDOW SCREENS, SCREEN DOORS! AT REDUCED PRICES! REFRIGERATORS, ICE CHESTS!

FLEISHMAN & CO., 504, 506 & 508 MARKET STREET.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.